

## TAKES TWO SHOCKS TO EXECUTE SCOTT

Matricide of New York Electrocutated in the Auburn Penitentiary.

AUBURN, N. Y., June 14.—William Scott, who killed his mother, Mrs. Della Scott, in the woods near Chenango lake, five miles from Norwich, N. Y., October 18, 1907, was put to death in the electric chair here today. Two shocks were necessary before death resulted. An autopsy was immediately held, there being considerable interest as to the mental condition of Scott, whose family has alleged that he has been insane since boyhood.

Scott was twenty-four years old. He and his mother went driving on the afternoon of October 18. He told her he was going to purchase a cook stove and wanted her to see it.

He returned alone that night, stating that his mother had remained with a family to assist in caring for a sick person. Three days later he reported his mother missing. His statements regarding her disappearance were conflicting and two days later he confessed to have led the sheriff to the place where the body was found. He was quickly placed on trial and convicted, but the case was carried to the court of appeals which affirmed the sentence. Then his attorneys tried to have Governor Hughes interfere on the ground that the man was insane, but after investigating, the executive declared no reason existed for executive clemency.

## ONE BEAR IMPRISONS GREEDY COMPANION

Zoo Inmate Locks Up the Bruin That Gets All the Peanuts.

NEW YORK, June 14.—In a little game of high finance at the Bronx Zoological Park, the brown bear Juno, which E. H. Harriman gave to the Zoo, was outmaneuvered by Rex, an Alaskan bear, presented by Rex Beach, and as a result went hungry all day.

Junio was getting all the peanuts and candy until her greedy companion, Rex, by a bit of strategy got a nice, big lump of candy and ran back with it to the little house in a corner of the cage, where he hid it. Juno saw him do it, and in a moment, when she thought Rex was not looking, sneaked back and slipped into the house in search of the morsel. No sooner did her stubby tail disappear than Rex lumbered to the little house's door, which slides down from the top, and pulled the peg out with his teeth. Down went the door with a bang and Juno was a prisoner for the rest of the day. It was late in the afternoon before the keeper's discovered the imprisoned Juno, a hungry, sadder, but wiser bear.

General Andrea Is Guest of Country's Consulate in New York.

NEW YORK, June 14.—Gen. Ignacio Andrea, former president of Venezuela, and the new Venezuelan minister to Cuba, is in New York today, visiting the Venezuelan consulate. He arrived on the steamer Caracas from Puerto Cabello, and Curacao.

LOPEZ IN TOW.

NEW YORK, June 14.—After resisting the hard pulling of wrecking tugs for two days, the Spanish liner, Antonio Lopez, which ran aground off Point of Woods, L. I., Wednesday night with more than 500 passengers aboard, was pulled into deep water and a tug began towing her to New York for repairs.

# ACROSS THE CORRIDOR

By ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

AUTHOR OF

"THE BURDEN OF PROOF"

## Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

Phil Daring and Bob Stevens, two cousins, are accused of the murder of their rich uncle, on the night of the crime was about to change his will in favor of Phil. Bob having proven unworthy, Bob manages to throw suspicion on Phil, who is sentenced to thirty years in State's prison. His cellmate there is Bradshaw, who hates Phil because on his testimony he was convicted of stealing, and sentenced to a ten-year term. Phil's trials at the prison are many, and through no fault of his own he becomes known as an incorrigible convict and receives the badge of shame-red stripes. Letters from his sweetheart, Alice Arlington, tell him that her family are forcing her to marry Bob, though they know her heart is Phil's, and in desperation he thinks of joining a band of convicts who are planning to escape. Later letters encourage him, and he decides not to run the risk. Friday, the thirteenth, is the day set for the escape, and at the appointed hour the attempt takes place as planned. Phil, seeing one of the escaping convicts about to murder an unsuspecting guard, rushes to the rescue.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

THE OUTCOME.

BEFORE Phil Daring could reach No. 888, the long blade had sunk deep between the guard's shoulders.

The little convict struggled to pull out the knife, and the moment the bloody blade was removed Phil's body hit the side of the unconscious man's head, the knife dropping from the murderer's hand.

At the same moment there was a flash. At a trio of reserves had got into action.

When the shot came Phil clapped a hand to the side of his head, flung himself forward and dropped to the ground. In a moment both trusty No. 711 was in his side, in his hand was a smoking gun. He had seized the weapon from the guard that had been shot down and had aimed it at Phil as the reserves rushed up.

Phil lay in a heap beside the guard that No. 888 had killed with the knife, and close to the unconscious man's hand lay the bloody dagger.

The trusty smiled like a skeleton when he saw it there.

Then No. 711's eye fell on the little convict. The man had not stirred from the spot where he had fallen when Phil bought his gun.

Taking a quick aim, the trusty shot and killed No. 888.

The reserves were doing bloody work. Two of those that had attempted to escape had been shot down, and one more was caught just as he was scaling the ladder.

Only one of the five plotters succeeded in getting over the wall, and he was shot down by the swinging cannon in one of the turrets, after his skulking body had been located with the searchlight.

It was a scene of awful carnage. The line, meanwhile had marched on, broken in spots, but fairly steady. Several men had been killed, and in the turmoil had been able to get back to their places in line without being seen.

The dead numbered two guards, five convicts, and one of the reserves—who had been thrown from the wall in the struggle.

There was but one other affected by the fray, and his life lay in the balance. This was convict No. 888.

They picked Phil up, after noting his position and the knife close to his outstretched hand, and carried him to the prison hospital. The bloody knife was taken by a separate messenger to the captain of the yard.

Phil was placed in bed and the surgeon examined his wound.

"He's just stunned," was the verdict. "The shot grazed the skull, made a furrow, but did not pierce through it. The wound is over a sensitive part and his senses have been dulled, but he will be around tomorrow all right."

"Too bad," sighed trusty No. 711 to himself.

Then he thought of the bloody knife that had been carried to the captain, and his eyes brightened.

As the doctor prophesied, Phil came to himself in the morning. Aside from a dull ache in his head and a faintness of the stomach, he felt all right.

The day was spent in rest, and Phil grew no more. Gradually the whole affair came back to his mind. He remembered the attempted escape and his effort to keep No. 888 from killing the guard.

Then he realized that he had been unsuccessful, and remembered the shot that had stunned him.

Next morning early the doctor decided that Phil was in a fit condition to be discharged from the hospital.

He was taken at once before the captain of the yard.

The latter was busy with some papers. Before him on the desk Phil recognized the knife with which Number 888 had killed the guard.

The bath trusty was in the room, and at Phil's request, told him that not one of the convicts had escaped.

Daring shuddered at the news of the slaughter, while Number 711 gloated over the disgusting details.

Soon the captain looked up and pushed back the papers.

"I have arranged for an early trial, Number 888," were his words.

Phil stared at him blankly.

"What trial?" he asked.

"Yours."

"Mine?" cried the young fellow.

"Am I to get a new one in a higher court?" asked Phil eagerly, hoping that Mr. Rogers had succeeded in his attempt.

"No, not in a higher court. In the court of this county."

"You don't mean a trial on something other than the old case?" queried Phil, wondering at the way in which the captain seemed to be.

"Yes, your trial for murdering the guard night before last."

Phil was stunned. This was all new to him.

"What guard?" he cried.

"Simpson, the man you stabbed in the back with this knife," was the quick reply, as the captain held up the blood-encrusted blade.

"Good heavens!" cried Daring. "I tried to save his life. Number 888 killed him."

"Is that so?" smiled the official, as though it were a rare joke that Number 888 was trying on him.

"Yes, I rushed in and tried to reach 888 in time, but I was too late."

The captain said looking at him with an amused expression.

"Is that the way it looked to you, Number 711?" he asked the bath trusty.

"No, exactly," replied that individual. "I seen Number 888 stab Simpson in the back with that there knife, an' so did his cellmate, Bradshaw."

It was all appalling to Phil. He could make no reply.

Having thought over the charge for a few moments, Daring broke out suddenly.

"What motive would I have in killing the guard?"

"What motive?" repeated the captain in evident wonder.

"Why, to escape, of course."

"I didn't want to escape. I knew how foolish it would be to attempt that in the red stripes I wear."

"A very likely excuse, when your cellmate swears that you were planning to escape. He saw you planning a message on a cake of soap and signed the suspicion to the trusty here."

"But I—I—" Daring tried vainly to express himself.

"Do you deny that you were in a plan to escape?"

"No," answered Phil.

"Then if you admit it, how can you expect me to believe half and take your word for the rest?"

"I don't," answered the prisoner.

There was silence in the room for some minutes. Then the captain of the yard looked up to remark:

"Two been able to get an early date for the trial. Three days from today. In the court of this county. In the meantime, No. 888, you will be removed to the condemned cells, where you won't have any chance to escape."

Phil bowed his head and said nothing. It was some relief to know that he was not going to be forced to go back to the cell he had shared with Bradshaw.

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"Yes, murder in the first degree, and there isn't that much chance for you," and the captain snapped his fingers.

"You'll get the chair this time. Your copper won't make any difference to you now. The chair is the only hope you've got."

Daring was led away to his new quarters.

He had heard the prisoners speak of the condemned cells in awe. There were a more than ten of these in the little room that held the men sentenced to electrocution.

Phil looked around his new home. The cells were larger; the beds were better. The cells were arranged for single occupancy, and there were five on each side, facing each other, across a narrow corridor.

Here, he had heard, the men were never allowed outside of their cells, except to take a little exercise in the corridor occasionally or for the weekly bath, where only one man was allowed at a time.

They were granted many liberties that other prisoners never knew. The Government treats its near-dead very well. There was a hush, silence, in the room when Phil was led in. No doubt the other prisoners thought that he had already been condemned to the chair, as it was unusual for a man to be imprisoned in that particular chamber except to await his death.

After Daring had been there for several hours the talking commenced, and he realized for the first time that the men in the condemned cells were all of the same kind.

His surroundings were very different, but there was a vague atmosphere in the room that made it decidedly disagreeable. At one end there was a door, and Daring knew that this door led to the little back room in which the electric chair was kept. Its broad light awaiting in turn each of the men in the condemned cells.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE NEW TRIAL.

JUST AFTER Phil's dinner had been brought in to him that night he received a letter from Alice which read:

Dear Phil:

Feel greatly encouraged. Dr. Lyons has found that Mr. Rogers has not played fair with you.

We have to get evidence against him and have him prosecuted for holding back the money that is yours according to the will.

Bob has ceased to bother me, and everything is going along splendidly. Keep your hope up. A new trial soon. As ever,

ALICE.

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